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FROM THE FRENCH OF THE COUNT DE MAISTRE.

BY CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

BOOK II.—CHAPTER II.

"BEHOLD what is certain, and what we must fathom," continued the Count. "This knowledge, apart from the evils which had rendered them so fatal, survived in the world until the destruction of mankind. We are blinded on the subject of nature and the march of science by a glaring sophism, which has dazzled every eye: it is to judge of the times when men saw the effects in the causes, by those when effects are painfully raised to causes—and when men are occupied about effects—when they say it is useless to inquire into causes; or perhaps are ignorant of the existence of causes. We hear incessantly repeated: *Judge of the time as necessary to learn such and such a thing.* What inconceivable blindness!—a mere instant was required. If man could know the cause of a single phenomenon, he would probably comprehend all the others. We do not wish to say that the truths the most difficult to be discovered are easily understood. The solution of the problem of the *Crown* made the most profound geometrician of antiquity leap with joy: but this same solution is found in all the courses of elementary mathematics, and does not surpass the ordinary powers of an intellect of fifteen years. Plato, speaking, somewhere, of what it imports man to know, adds, of a sudden, with that simple penetration so natural to him: *These things are learned easily and perfectly, if there be any one to teach them.* This is the expression. It is the more evident for the plain reason, that the first men who re-peopled the world after the great catastrophe had need of extraordinary assistance to overcome difficulties of every kind which they had to encounter; and see, gentlemen, the beautiful character of truth. Is there question to establish it? Witnesses appear and present themselves from every side. They have always spoken and never contradicted themselves: whilst the testimonies of error are contradictory, even when they advance falsehood. Hearken to wise antiquity on the subject of the first men. It will tell you they were marvellous men, and that beings of a superior order favoured them with communications. On this point, there is no disagreement.

The initiated, the philosopher, the poet, history, fable, Asia and Europe are unanimous. Such an agreement of reason, revelation, and of all tradition, forms a demonstration, which can be contradicted only by the mouth. Men not only have commenced by knowledge, but a knowledge different from ours, and superior to ours. Because it commenced at a higher source, which rendered it very dangerous: and this explains how science, in its origin, was always mysterious, and shut up in temples where it was at last extinguished, when the flame was of no use except to burn. No one can say to what epoch are to be traced, I will not say the first form of society, but the great institutions, profound sciences, the most magnificent monuments of industry and human power. By the side of St. Peter's at Rome, I find the Cloaca of Tarquin, and the Cyclopean constructions. This epoch touches that of the Etruscans, when the arts and power are lost in antiquity. *Diu ante rem Romanam*, writes Livy: a nation, whom Hesiod styles *great and illustrious*, nine centuries before the birth of Christ: who sent colonies into Greece and numberless isles, many years before the Trojan war. Pythagoras travelled in Egypt six ages before our era, and there learned the causes of all the phenomena of Venus. He then learned something still more curious: *for they knew from all antiquity, that Mercury to rescue a goddess from very great embarrassment, played at chess with the Moon, and won from her the seventy-second part of the day.* I avow, even, that in reading the *Banquet of the seven Sages* of Plutarch, I could not help suspecting that the Egyptians knew the true form of planetary orbits. You can, if you choose, verify this text. Julian, in one of his pompous harangues—I know not which—calls the Sun *god of the seven rays.* Whence did he derive this singular epithet? Certainly, from the ancient Asiatic traditions, which he had collected in his theurgical studies: and the sacred books of the Indians present a good commentary on this text—as we there read that seven Virgins having assembled to celebrate the arrival of *Chrischna*, the Indian Apollo, the god appeared, of a sudden, in the midst of them, and offered to dance. But the Virgins reminding him that they wanted mates to dance with, the god divided himself in such a manner, that each Virgin had her *Chrischna.* Add to this, that the true system of the world was perfectly known to the remotest antiquity. Think that the pyramids of Egypt, rigorously oriental, precede all the certain epochs of history.

"That the arts are brothers which can only live and shine together: that the nation which could create colours capable of resisting the free action of the air during thirty ages—raise to the height of six hundred feet masses of stone, which would defy all our mechanism—sculpture, on granite, birds, of which the modern traveller has recognized every species;—that this nation, I say, was necessarily as eminent in the other arts, and even *necessarily* knew a multitude of things which we are ignorant of. If I cast my eyes, thence upon Asia, I behold the walls of Nimrod reared on a soil still humid after the deluge, and astronomical observations as ancient as the city. Where then, shall we place those pretended times of barbarism and ignorance! Jesting philosophers have said: *Ages are not wanting.* They are certainly wanting. For the epoch of the deluge is there, to stifle all the romance of imagination: and geological

observations show the fact, in demonstrating likewise the date, with a limited uncertainty, and so insignificant in the course of time, that that which dwells in the distance of the moon from us, may be lost in the space. Even Lucretius could not but render striking homage to the recent origin of the human family; and physics, which here might pass for history, derive from it a new force, since we see that historical certitude finishes among all nations at the same epoch—that is, towards the VIIIth century before the Christian era. Let men who believe every thing, except the Bible, cite the Chinese observations made four or five thousand years ago, on an earth which did not exist, by a people whom Jesuits taught to make almanacs, towards the end of the XVIth century: —such things are not worthy of discussion. Let them talk on. I will merely present an observation which, perhaps, you have never made:—that all the systems of Indian antiquity having been crumbled to pieces by the useful labors of the Academy of Calcutta, and the simple inspection of a geographical chart showing that China could not be peopled till after India—the same stroke given to the Indian antiquities has destroyed those of China, on which Voltaire seems, without ceasing, to lay a special stress.

Asia, having been the theatre of the most wonderful events, it is not astonishing that its people have pursued a disposition for the marvellous, stronger than what is natural to man in general, and what each one finds in himself. Hence it is, that they have always exhibited so little taste for our sciences or *conclusions.* One would think that they bring back the primitive science of *intuition.* Does the chained eagle require a balloon to spring into the air? He requires only that his fetters should be broken! And who knows but that people are not yet destined to contemplate spectacles which are denied to the cavilling genius of Europe! However this may be, observe, I pray you, that it is impossible to think of modern science, without seeing her surrounded with all the machinery of invention, and with all the methods of art. Under the scanty habit of the north, her head lost in the folds of her thick but deceptive ringlets, her arms laden with books and instruments of every kind, pale from watching and labour, she drags herself along stained with ink, and loitering on the way of truth, stooping towards the ground, her forehead furrowed with algebra. Nothing like this in remote antiquity. As far as it is given to perceive the science of the primitive times, at such an enormous distance, she is always free and isolated—flying rather than walking, and presenting in her whole person something aërial and supernatural. She gives to the winds her hair floating from beneath her oriental *mitre:* the *Ephod* covers her bosom heaving with inspiration—she looks to heaven—her feet seem to disdain the earth, except to quit it: yet, though she has never asked a favour of any one, and depends not on human support, it is, nevertheless, proved, that she has possessed the rarest knowledge; the strongest proofs, if you reflect on it, that ancient science was dispensed from the labour imposed on ours, and that all the calculations which we establish in modern experience, are what may be imagined to be the most false."

"You have proved to me, my good friend," said the Chevalier, "that we willingly speak of what we love. You promised me a dry creed:—but your

profession of faith has become a kind of dissertation. But the beauty of it is, that you have not said one word concerning the savages, who brought it on."

"I acknowledge," replied the Count, "that on this subject I am *full of discourse.* (1) I spread it voluntarily before you; but at the peril of my life let me not be heard by all men—for I will not be believed. For the rest, I cannot see why you bring up the savages again. It seems to me, by the bye, that I have not ceased a moment to speak of them. If all men came from three couples, who re-peopled the universe, and if the human race began by science, the savage can be, as I before said, a mere branch cut off from the social tree. I might yield science—although incontestible—and confine myself to religion, which, of itself, suffices, although in a very imperfect degree, to exclude the savage state. Wherever you see an altar, there you find civilization. *The poor in his hut where he is sheltered by the thatched roof* is less learned, it is true, than us, but, without doubt, more truly social, if he assist at the catechism, and profits by it. The most shameful errors—the most detestable cruelties—have stained the annals of Memphis, Athens, and Rome, but all the united virtues honoured the cabins of Paraguay. Now, if the religion of the family of Noah should necessarily have been more enlightened and real than we can imagine—and if, in its very reality, we must look for the causes of its corruption—it is a second demonstration added to the first, that might be passed by. We should acknowledge, therefore, that the state of civilization, and science in a certain sense, is the natural and primitive state of man. Thus, all the oriental traditions begin by a state of perfection and light—I will add—*supernatural light:* and Greece, lying Greece, *who has dared every thing in history,* rendered homage to this truth, by placing her golden age at the origin of things. It is not less remarkable, that she does not attribute to the succeeding ages—even the iron—the savage state. So that all she relates about those primitive men living in woods, nourishing themselves with acorns, and passing thence to social life, places her in contradiction with herself, or cannot refer but to some particular cases; that is to say, to some degraded tribes, who were afterwards, with difficulty, brought back to the *state of nature,* that of civilization. Does not Voltaire—and this says every thing—acknowledge that the device of all nations was always this: THE GOLDEN AGE WAS THE FIRST THAT EXISTED ON EARTH. Well, have all nations, therefore, unanimously protested against the hypothesis of a primitive state of barbarism:—and this protestation is certainly worth something.

"Now what imports the epoch in which such and such a branch was separated from the tree? It has occurred—that is sufficient: no doubt as to the degradation; and, if I dare say it, no doubt as to the cause of the degradation; which must be crime. A chief of a people, having altered in himself the moral principle by some of those moral prevarications, which, according to appearances, are no longer possible in the actual state of things, because, fortunately, we do not know enough to become so guilty—this chief of a people, I say, transmits the anathema to his posterity: and all constant force being, of its nature,

(1.) Plenus sum sermonibus . . . loquar et respirabo paululum. Job xxxii. 18, 20.

accelerative, because it is always adding to itself, this degradation, weighing, without interruption, on his descendants, has reduced them to the condition, we term *savage*. Rousseau and his disciples call the *state of nature* the last degree of brutish degradation. Two extremely different causes have thrown a deceptive cloud on the frightful state of savages: one is ancient, the other of our own age. In the first place, the immense charity of the Catholic priesthood has often, in speaking of those men, expressed their desires, instead of the reality. There was but too much truth in the first movement of those Europeans who refused, in the age of Columbus, to recognize their equals in the degraded men who people the new world. The priests employed all their influence to contradict this opinion, which was too favorable to the barbarous despotism of their new masters.

They cried out to those men: "no violence!—the gospel forbids it. If you cannot break down the idols in the hearts of these unfortunate beings, why overturn their altars! To make them know and love God, you must have recourse to a tact and arms different from yours." (1) From the bosom of the forests bedewed with their sweat and their blood, they flew to Rome and Madrid to demand bulls and edicts against the pitiless avidity which would seize on the Indians. The priest, breathing mercy, sought to exalt them, to render them precious. He extenuated their faults—exaggerated their worth—and promised whatever they desired. In fine, Robertson, who is beyond suspicion, reminds us, in his history of America, that we must take with discount, whatever has been written on this subject by the clergy, because, in general, they were too favorable to the inhabitants. Another source of the false judgments which have been made concerning them, is found in the philosophy of an age, which has made use of savages to sustain their vain and criminal declamations against social order: but the least attention will suffice to put us on our guard against the errors of charity, and those of bad faith. We cannot fix our eye for a moment on the savage, without reading the anathema written, I will not say in his soul only, but even on the exterior form of his body. He is a deformed child, robust and ferocious, in whom the flame of intellect gives but a pale and flickering ray. An inexorable hand, weighing heavily on this devoted race, effaces in it the two distinctive characters of our greatness—foresight and perfectability. The savage cut down the tree to gather its fruit—he skins the ox confided to his care by the missionaries, and cooks it with the wood of the plough. During more than three centuries, he has contemplated us without wishing to acquire any thing from us—except powder to kill his

(1.) Perhaps the interlocutor had seen the beautiful representations, which Father Barthélemi d'Olmedo addressed to the Cortes, and the elegant Solis has preserved: *Porque se compacedian mal la violencia y el Evangelio; y aquello en la substantia, era derrilar los altares y dexar los idolos en el corazon, etc.* (Conquesta de la Neuva, Esp. iii. 3.) I have read something on America: I have not met a single act of violence laid to the fault of priests, except the celebrated adventure of *Valverde*, which would prove, if true, *that there was a fool in Spain in the XVIth century.* But it bears all the intrinsic characters of falsehood. I have not been able to discover the origin of it. A Spaniard, perfectly instructed, has said to me: *I believe it is a tale of that fool Garcilasso.*

fellows—and whiskey to kill himself. As yet, he has no idea of making either: he depends for them upon our avarice, which will never be wanting. As the most abject and revolting substances are, nevertheless, susceptible of a certain degeneration, in like manner, the natural vices of humanity are still more vitiated in the savage. He is a robber—cruel—dissolute; but differently from us. To be criminal, we surmount our nature: the savage follows his. He has the appetite for crime, he has no remorse. Whilst the son kills the father to relieve him from the ills of old age, his wife destroys in her womb the fruit of her brutal loves, to escape the fatigue of nourishing it. He tears the bloody scalp from his living enemy: he tears it, and roasts it, and devours it with songs.—He rushes upon our ardent liquors, he drinks to intoxication—to fever—to death—deprived at once of reason which restrains man by fear, and of instinct, which checks the animal with disgust. He is evidently devoted. He is struck in the *very* inmost depths of his moral essence: he makes the reflecting observer tremble. But would we tremble for ourselves, and in the most salutary manner? Let us think that with our intelligence, morals, arts, and sciences, we are precisely to the primitive man what the savage is to us. I cannot abandon this subject without suggesting another important reflection: the barbarian who is a kind of proportional medium between civilized man and the savage, could have been, and may yet, be civilized by any religion whatever: but the savage could never be, except by Christianity. This is a prodigy of the highest order, a kind of redemption exclusively reserved to the true priesthood. How can the criminal, condemned to civil death, re-acquire his rights without letters of pardon from his sovereign! and what letters of this sort are not countersigned? The more you reflect on the subject, the more you will be convinced that there is no means of explaining this phenomena of the savage people, with which real philosophers have occupied themselves too little. (1)

For the rest, we must not confound the *barbarian* with the *savage*. In the latter, the germ of life is stifled and killed:—in the former, it has retained the principles of fecundity, and requires only time and circumstances to cause it to put forth. From that moment, the language which was degraded with man is re-born with him—is perfected and enriched. If you choose to call it a *new language*, I am willing: the expression is just in one sense; but that sense is very different from that which is adopted by modern sophists, when THEY SPEAK of *new* or *invented* LANGUAGES.

(1.) I cordially approve of these two great truths. All savages are justly styled Lo-HAMMI; and until it be said to them: *Ye are my people;* they can never say: *thou art our God.* (Osee ii. 24.)

The reader may consult a well-written article on Savages, in the Journal du Nord, Sept., 1807, No. xxxv. page 704, &c. Robertson has described the brutalized condition of the Savage, (Hist. Am. Tom. II., 1, 4.) His portrait is as hideous as it is true.

Prayer to the Blessed Virgin.

BY ANNA H. DORSEY.

I.

The sea-bird tossed by angry winds,
Turns to her far-off sheltered nest,
Nor heeds the ocean's spray that flings,
Its sparkling eddies on her breast.
She droops—she faints—yet struggles on,
To reach yon rocky, sea-girt height;
'Tis gained—at last she folds her wings,
Serene amid the tempest's might.

II.

Mother of God! our souls opprest
By earth's conflicting pains and woes,
Turns with unwavering faith to thee,
To find amidst its storms repose.
Refuge of sinners! thou hast trod
This lonely desert, where we weep;
Thou shields us 'neath thy wings of Love,
When life's wild tempests o'er us sweep.

III.

When on thy bosom thou didst bear,
The Prince of peace, thy SAVIOUR-CHILD—
How thrilled thy placid soul with joy,
While watching o'er his slumbers mild.—
How first in adoration deep,
Thy humble spirit kissed the earth,
And then up-borne on flaming wings,
Exulted in the mystic birth!

IV.

By every bliss that lit thy soul,
While hovering near thy child divine,
By every holy thought, that burned
Its worship on so pure a shrine.
Pray for us, mother! that life's stains
Set not their doom, upon our souls,
But pass us o'er as yon dim cloud,
Athwart the fading sun-light rolls.

V.

Mother of sorrows, by the tears,
And drops of blood, and scourging blows
That marked the Saviour's path of gloom,
And wrung thy heart with death-like throes:
By nature's anguish, as she mourned
Convulsed beneath his dying nod,
By his last looks—his words to thee,
Thy Son, and yet thy Saviour-God!

VI.

Pray for us sinners! that earth's dream,
So richly decked with light and wile,
May not defraud our souls of heaven,
Or chain them 'neath the tempter's smile.
Pray, that life's storm-clouds may be lit
With hues from yonder heavenly shore,
And lift our hopes exulting up,
Like rainbows when the tempest 's o'er.

VII.

Star of life's sea! the shadows fall
In dimness o'er our lonely way,
Earth's cherished hopes, are bruised and chilled,
And passing on to sure decay.
Illume our steps, and take the hearts
That fettered here, in anguish beat,
And lay them, with their sins and woes,
Sweet Mother! at the Saviour's feet.

LETTERS TO ADA.—FROM HER BROTHER-IN-LAW.

SECOND SERIES.

"C'est la tout ce que nous demandons d'eux: nous ne leur disons point: croyez—mais examinez."
Essai sur L'Indifference.

BY THE AUTHOR OF FATHER ROWLAND, &C. &C.

LETTER V.—THE POPE.

THE sleigh-bells are tinkling through the streets, deeply filled with snow.—It is a joyous season. Christmas is hardly gone. The delightful reciprocations of the new year now occupy the thoughts of social men.

"———— Of music, and ethereal mirth,
Wherewith the stage of air and earth did ring,
And joyous news of heavenly infants birth,
My muse with angels did divide to sing,
But headlong joy is ever on the wing."

So sings Milton, Ada, in his poem headed "The Passion:" and no one who has ever felt the charms of a Christmas at home, will hesitate to join in the "ethereal mirth." Every Christian heart thrills with the "glory of God on high, and peace to men of good will."

It is with the hope of restoring peace to the heart of one of the daughters of earth, that I continue this investigation. To you, Ada, when convinced of the solemn tenets of our Church, the angel of peace will administer: your conscience will be quiet: your mind will rest undisturbed under the wings of

faith: your heart will enjoy a calm, which never lulls the throbbings of one that is anxious, uneasy, and agitated. With the view of effecting this, I resume our correspondence.

My object in this letter is to lay before you, eleven passages from St. Cyprian, on the texts from Matthew, sixteenth chapter and eighteenth verse, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church," &c. We shall learn from the testimony of this immortal father of the African Church, the doctrine of his contemporary believers, with regard to the Pope's supremacy. Bear in mind, that he flourished in the third century: that he was a Bishop in Africa: and that he was engaged in a controversy on the question of re-baptism with Popes Cornelius and Stephen. *His* testimony, under all these circumstances, must be unquestionable and conclusive.

I. "Peter, ON WHOM the Church was built by the Lord, speaking as the organ of all, and answering in the name of the Church, says, *Lord to whom shall we go*," &c. Epist. 55.

II. "Peter, ON WHOM the Church was to be built, teaching in the name of the Church," &c. Epist. 69.

III. "Baptism is one, and the Holy Ghost one, and the Church one, founded UPON PETER by our Lord, having its origin and system established in writing." Epist. 70.

IV. "Peter, UPON WHOM our Lord built his Church, did not attribute any thing to himself." Epist. 71.

V. "To Peter, upon whom he built his Church, and in whose person he centered his origin and its unity, our Lord gave first of all, the power to loose on earth, and it should be loosed in heaven." Epist. 75.

VI. "The Catholic Church is the mother, origin, and root—the first, and only one FOUNDED ON PETER." Epist. to Fortunatus.

VII. "Letters are carried to the chair of Peter, and the principal Church, where all priestly unity takes its origin." Epist. 55.

VIII. "UPON HIM (Peter) alone he builds his Church, and to him he commits the sheep to be fed. THE SUPREMACY IS GIVEN TO PETER that the unity of the Church, and the unity of the chair may be shewn." On the Unity of the Church.

IX. "Does he who opposes and resists the Church, who deserts the chair of Peter, UPON WHOM the Church is founded, flatter himself that he is in the Church." On the Unity, &c.

X. "Peter, to whom the Lord entrusted his sheep to be fed and watched, ON WHOM he founded and established his Church." On Virginity.

XI. "Peter, ON WHOM the Lord condescended to found his Church." On the Gift of Patience.

Can you now think, Ada,—can *any* one who reads the passages quoted, think, that St. Cyprian and the Christians of his day understood the text of St. Matthew otherwise than it is now understood by the Roman Catholic world?

Christ said, thou art *Cephas*, and upon this *Cephas* (this the original Syriac in which he spoke)—I will build my Church. Thou art *Petra*, and upon this *Petra*, &c.—Thou art a *rock*, and upon this *rock*, &c. Rosenmüller and Ge-

rard, both very learned Protestant critics, admit this. In Freneh there is no difference between *Pierre* the name of a man, and *pierre* a stone. So that no possible equivocation could exist as to the meaning of this sentence: "Tu es *Pierre*, et sur cette *pierre*, Je batterais mon église."

Let it not be objected, Ada, that Christ is the head of the Church. Who ever doubted this truth? He is by excellence and right, the head of that Church which he founded—but then he has left a representative on earth: a visible head. God is, of right, the omnipotent master of every kingdom; and yet there is in every empire a visible chief—a sovereign, a head. Did not St. Paul declare in his second Epistle to the Ephesians, chapter the twentieth, that we are *built upon the foundation of the Apostles?* and did the Redeemer himself, who was essentially the light which enlightened every man who cometh into the world, style his disciples the *light of the world.* (Matt. 5. 14.)

As the foundations of an edifice rest upon the foundation of the earth, so does the rock of the Church repose on the power, and wisdom, and strength of Jesus. And as the lights of the firmament derive all their splendour from the source of eternal light, so do the apostles borrow theirs from the "Sun of Justice,"—the founder of Christianity. Oh, Ada! may we find a safe protection from the agitations of life in the everlasting tabernacle supported by the promise of its founder; and may our minds and hearts be illumed and warmed by the "lights" which have been kindled up in this vale of time, to cheer and guide us safely onward to the land of bliss.

ADIEU.

When worn with Toil.

When worn with toil, and bowed with care,
And sinking in the unequal strife
That man must with the world maintain,
And fainting in the march of life,
How oft the longings of the heart
Are feebly by the lips expressed,
"O, like the dove, had I but wings,
I'd flee away and be at rest!"

Then sweeter far than summer rain
To the parched earth, thy gentle voice,
O blessed Faith! falls on the heart,
And bids it in its woe rejoice,
For that the hour is now at hand
When sorrow shall no more molest—
The wicked shall from troubling cease—
The weary shall indeed find rest!

C. J. C.

HARRY LAYDEN.—A MORAL TALE.

BY CHARLES JAMES CANNON.

PART I.—CHAPTER III.

Joe Beatty was the son of his mother! and in face and figure, mind and manners, a tolerable copy of that very bad original; but who was his father was a question never satisfactorily decided; and, consequently, the son of Jenny Beatty was forced to take—excuse the bull—his *patronymic* from his mother.

Though Jenny Beatty could have known nothing of Fanny Wright or Thomas Skidmore—having had some years the start of them in life—her practice was in perfect conformity with the theory of those celebrated—or rather notorious—individuals; for while, like the former, she scoffed at the sacredness of the marriage-vow, like the latter she asserted her right to a proper portion of the good things of this life, and thus she lived exempt from the miseries of that wretched being, an ill-treated wife, and the drudgery of the menial, whose health and strength are bartered for a wretched pittance, and who in the day of sickness and distress, is abandoned to unsympathizing neglect.

With the precepts and example of such a mother, it would require but little acquaintance with the doctrines of a Spurzheim, to give one an insight into his future character, or enable him to predict the eminence in crime, to which any boy of ordinary capacity would one day attain. But, in the case of Joe, instead of forming, they only served to hasten the development of the more prominent traits of his character; for nature had endowed him with an aptitude to evil, which years of the most judicious training would have been necessary to counteract; but which under the mismanagement of his miserable parent, soon acquired a degree of strength that mocked control; and, at the age of sixteen, a more incorrigible young scoundrel breathed not the air of his native land than Joe Beatty.

Yet Joe was often less guilty than even the most charitable supposed; for no matter what villany was perpetrated, whoever reaped the benefit, the odium was sure to fall to the share of Joe, and not only was he held accountable for crimes committed in his own neighborhood, but the misdeeds of half the evil-doers in the city were saddled upon him. At length he determined to abandon a community, which had long been endeavoring to shake him off; so rising early one morning, and taking from the bundle of rags, that formed his mother's pillow, the few cents that were carefully tied in the corner of an old cotton handkerchief, he set out to seek his fortune.

Years passed, and, except by his mother, Joe Beatty was quite forgotten in his native place; when one afternoon, as Jenny sat smoking on the upper step of the cellar, of which she was joint occupant with an old black man and his wife, she saw a sailor-looking fellow followed by a young woman, in a gaudy silk dress, flounced to the knees, and an enormous straw bonnet, covered with

flaunting red ribbons—descend the narrow, dirty alley in which she lived. Taking the pipe from her mouth, and shading her eyes with her left hand, Jenny looked long and earnestly at the approaching stranger. Her first thought was that it might be Joe; but, seeming satisfied that it could not be, she let fall her hand, and, with a melancholy shake of the head, resumed her pipe.

At the time of his departure, scarce ten years before, Joe was in his twentieth year, but from the slightness of his figure, and the extreme boyishness of his whole appearance, would not pass for more than fifteen; and, notwithstanding his precocity in wickedness, he wore a look of such perfect innocence, that strangers were for the most part favourably impressed with it. But the man now approaching, though short, was stout, and apparently not less than forty, with a face in every line of which *villain* was indelibly engraven.

"No, no!" said Jenny, "it can't be Joe;" and a huge sigh escaped with the smoke she then sent forth.

"How are you, old gal!" said the stranger, as soon as he came within hailing distance.

Jenny looked for a moment inquiringly in his face, then springing forward and throwing her brawny arms around his neck, she hugged him to her bosom in a bear-like embrace, exclaiming in a voice, slightly tremulous with emotion, "O Joe, is it you?"

"'Tis me indeed, but, avast, I say, or you'll smother me!" cried Joe—for he it was—as he struggled to disengage himself from the arms of his mother; who thereupon released him, and, as she did so, gave him a buffet, that would have set almost any other man reeling, at the same time exclaiming in the fulness of her joy, "You villain, I'm so glad, I could almost murder you!"

At this moment they were joined by the young woman in the gaudy silk and enormous hat, whom Joe presented to his mother as his wife, with the complimentary remark, "I know you'll like Poll, old woman, for you never knowed a critter, in all your life, more fuller of deviltry than my Baltimore Clipper."

"Always 'ceptin yourself, Joe Beatty," rejoined Poll with a toss of her head, and a laugh at her own ready retort.

Besides his wife, Joe had brought home with him money enough, in the opinion of his mother, to make a gentleman of him for life; and glorious were the old woman's anticipations of triumph over those, to whom she had hitherto been an object of contempt or derision, when she should appear in all the splendour of that rank, to which her son's newly acquired wealth must raise her. But Joe, who knew better than his mother the real value of money, thought very differently. His whole stock consisted of little more than a thousand dollars; and he knew that, unless he made it in some way productive, it would soon take to itself wings and fly away.

While casting about in his mind what business it would be most prudent to enter into, he accidently heard of some shares for sale in a manufacturing company, that had just started into existence, and of the great advantages to accrue to any one who should become a purchaser. Joe lost no time in making an investment of his capital; and unwilling to remain idle until his money should

beget the independence he had reason to expect, bound himself an apprentice to learn the art and mystery of cotton-spinning; and, in a little time, became so useful a tool in the hands of his superiors, that he was made overseer of one of the principal departments, and flogger general to the whole establishment.

In the fruitful soil into which they were now transplanted, the Beattys flourished as if they had been indigenous, and rapidly rose to wealth and consideration; yet they relaxed not in their exertions to add every year something to their increasing store, particularly after the birth of Jim, and the death of Jenny, two events that happened almost simultaneously, and were looked upon as equally propitious; and at the time that Harry was introduced to their notice, they were looked upon, even by the aristocracy of Rapid Run, as very respectable people—or in other words, people that were likely to become rich.

In his late home while suffering from want and ill-treatment, Harry had very sagely thought that any change in his circumstances must be for the better. He now learned that it is the easiest thing to be mistaken; and that to what may seem the "lowest depth" of human misery, there may be still a "lower depth." It is true, his outward appearance had undergone some change for the better; for, to the tow-shirt and trowsers that had hitherto composed his wardrobe, were added a fustian jacket, not very much too large, and a woolen hat wanting scarcely two-thirds of the rim, the crown of which had lately been secured in its place with a strong white thread.

But for these luxuries of dress, great as they undoubtedly were, he was obliged to pay a most exorbitant price. Nothing less, in fact, than the unconditional surrender of his liberty. He had, to express all in a few words, become that worst of slaves—a FACTORY-BOY! And think, reader, if thou canst, of the hardships of one like him—a child certainly not more than seven years old—called from his bed at four o'clock in the summer, and, except the short half hour for breakfast, and the shortest three quarters possible for dinner, confined in the hot and unwholesome atmosphere of a crowded cotton mill, until the waning light rendered longer confinement useless to his taskmasters, and denied even the trifling privilege of setting one moment to rest his weary feet swollen almost to bursting! Or behold him crawling from his bed in winter, before the crowing of the cock, and, after swallowing a hasty breakfast, limping away to his cheerless toil like one stricken with permature age and infirmity! Talk ye of the slave of the south? He is a free and happy being compared to the miserable drudge of the Factory, for to him are not denied those common, but invaluable blessings—the light of day and the pure free air of heaven.

Great, however, as were the hardships and privations to which he was now exposed, they might in time have become less unendurable, but for the tyranny of Beatty. This fellow, whose abject servility to his superiors had been his only recommendation to their favour, took a devilish pleasure in tormenting all who had the misfortune to be subject to "the little brief authority" in which his sycophancy had clothed him; and many a time when the poor children felt they had merited praise rather than blame, they have found their reward in a smart rap over the knuckles, a pinch of the ear, and an upward twitch of the hair, and for any fault—no matter how slight or unintentional—they were

sure of a severe flogging with the strap, that, through the whole day, he wore attached to his wrist.

Nor was his tyranny confined to the mill; but as Harry with some half dozen others were boarded with him, it was felt at all times and seasons—not in the scant allowance of johnny cake and molasses, with coffee made of warm water and a burnt crust, that served for breakfast and supper, or the rusty or musty pork with the worst of potatoes that formed their dinner, but in the useless tasks to which their jaded minds were subjected in the dull school-room, upon the only day they were not obliged to labour,—and most truly, indeed, could each little sufferer say,

"The Sabbath brings no day of rest to me!"

But great as was the tyranny of Boss Beatty, that of young Hopefull, his son, was even greater. It is related of one of the Roman emperors, that previous to his elevation to the purple, the incipient cruelty by which he afterwards became so notorious, manifested itself by the pleasure he took in impaling flies; and the little tyrant of the Factory, in imitation of his infamous prototype, but too frequently indulged himself in similar amusements—substituting, however, for flies the unhappy little wretches that were placed under the charge of his father, and lest the day should prove too short for his enjoyment, he went out frequently in the evening with one or more of them upon the water, where he kept them for hours rowing hither and thither, wherever the whim of his Little Naughtiness directed, while he lolled indolently in the stern of the boat, or amused himself with splashing water into the face of his victim.

One evening while thus engaged with Harry, a careless dip of the oar, by striking upon, instead of into, the water, bestowed upon Master Jim a pretty decent aspersion, when, starting up, he exclaimed,

"You young scamp! if you do that again, I'll throw you overboard!"

Now it was the farthest in the world from the intention of Harry to act contrary to the wish of his master, but the violence he displayed gave a sudden tremour to the arm of the rower, and the consequence was an abundant supply of the face and apparel of the infuriated Jim, who immediately put his threat in execution by throwing the poor child into the river, and, but for his expertness as a swimmer, the little fellow must have been drowned.

That night, before he suffered his weary eyes to close in slumber, Harry made a vow, to escape upon the very first opportunity, from the state of wretchedness in which he was held; but long months elapsed before such an opportunity offered, yet offer it did at last.

One day Harry, who had been ill for some time before, and was still weak, was caught by Boss Beatty nodding at his frame.

"I'll soon wake you, my hearty!" said that worthy to himself, as he crept cat-like towards the child, and began playing with the strap, that was dangling from his wrist. But as he threw it up that he might bring it down with greater force, it was caught in the cogs of the machinery above his head, and in one moment the arm was drawn in after it.—There was the shriek of a strong man in agony—the wheel was thrown immediately out of gear—but too late to save

the arm, which was taken off even to the shoulder, and, though every effort was made to save the life of the unfortunate man, the wound having mortified, he was carried off in a few days.

The death of Joe Beatty was productive of little less than universal joy throughout the little world of "Rapid Run," yet, as soon as that event became known, a meeting of the operatives, by the suggestion of the Agent, was called, at which resolutions were passed expressive of the sincerest sorrow for his loss, and the deepest sympathy for the bereavement of his amiable family, and these resolutions were published in due form in the county newspaper, signed with the names of men, women and children, who had risen every morning for years with curses on Joe Beatty, and his reprobate son in their hearts, if not upon their lips!—so much for the expression of public opinion!

He died on a Thursday; but, to avoid any sacrifice of interest to a show of decency, by stopping the mill for half a day, it was decided by those who had assumed the management of his funeral to defer the performance of his obsequies until Sunday; and feeling sure that in the confusion consequent thereon, he would hardly be missed. Harry pitched upon this day to attempt his escape.

He made his preparations accordingly, by putting his clean shirt and stockings over his dirty ones, and secreting about his person the few crusts he was able to gather from the breakfast table. He then stole away, and avoiding the bridge, crossed the river on the ice about half a mile above the village; and set forth upon his adventures without any object but to get as far as possible from "Rapid Run" before night.

It was a fine clear morning but intensely cold, and as he dreaded meeting any one that knew him, he kept as much as possible in the fields, and consequently though he made but little progress, he soon began to suffer from fatigue. But the fear of being overtaken, and carried back to slavery, would not permit him to think of rest; and the few crusts he had with him but poorly enabled him to perform the toilsome task he had set before him. But, as the sun began to descend the western heaven, the wind arose, and the fine particles of snow that it lifted from the ground came directly in the face of the child with blinding and stinging effect. Yet, though staggering like one drunken, he bore up manfully for a long time, until overcome with weariness, hunger, and that torpidity of the sences produced by excessive cold, he resigned himself to his fate, and, with more than the calmness of philosophy, laid him down to die.

Reflection.

When round the flowers are blossoming and gay,
And Pleasure winnows fragrance o'er thy way,
Think that those sweet flowers ('tis man's common doom,)
Shall strew their faded leaves upon thy tomb.

The Spanish Bell.

I.

Bell, with strange and sombre sound,
Pealing on—pealing on—
As creeps the drowsy twilight round
Yon spire, the day hath died upon;

II.

Not here, as in thy fatherland,
So far away—so far away—
Swung by some brother's holy hand,
Dost thou call up the monks to pray.

III.

'Tis not to tell the Complin-time,
Thou ringest now—thou ringest now—
When cowled heads, amid thy chime,
Were bent to breathe the solemn vow.

IV.

Nor toll'st thou to alternate choir,
The *Angelus*—the *Angelus*—
But warn'st the waking night of "Fire!"
Deepening the cry impetuous!

V.

I mourn to think how sad a change
Hath o'er thee come—hath o'er thee come—
How strife one's country can derange,
And plunder spares not even Home!

VI.

Oh! would, at least, thy tolling came
From holy spire—from holy spire—
Of Church—which sings, tho' far, the same
Pure hymns as sang the Spanish choir.

VII.

Yet still, whene'er thy sacred peal
Breaks on my ear—breaks on my ear—
Devotion's kindling flame I feel,
And with thy chime I blend *my* prayer,

C. C. P.

RELIGION AND PATRIOTISM.

If the beautiful maxims of our divine Legislator were carried out in all the institutions of human governments, nothing more would be necessary, to form citizens of the purest description, and christians of the highest character.

There would then be a union—universal and indissoluble—of the love of country and the love of Religion—there would then, indeed, exist patriotism in its most exalted acceptation:—for, *True patriotism is inseparable from Religion.*

What is patriotism? It is a sincere love of one's native or adopted country—the desire to do good to that country, and consequently a ready and unwavering co-operation in all that tends to her welfare and security. Now the welfare and security of the commonwealth depend on the faithful discharge of our various duties, each in the sphere which he may chance to occupy. But the only guarantee for that discharge of duty is founded upon Religion, therefore it follows—Patriotism and Religion are inseparable.

And when I speak of patriotism, I speak of the love which every naturalized member of this community should feel for our own glorious country—our own happy republic. We who have breathed here the first vital breath, feel a natural and primal attachment to the land of our nativity: others who have chosen this favoured region as the home of their adoption, while their hearts beat with enthusiasm for their father-land, should be ready to sacrifice every thing for the preservation of the Institutions of freedom which they now enjoy here—and under the broad shadow of which they have found hospitality and home. We should all endeavour to give an example of true patriotism—and by our exemplary conduct, our honesty, sobriety, love of order, and devotion to the laws, prove to the world, what many appear unwilling to believe, that the Catholic Religion, far from being hostile to free governments, commands her children to love their country, to support her, defend her, fight for her, bleed for her, die for her. And any American Citizen who styles himself a Catholic, who would be so craven-hearted as to desert her cause, in the hour of trial and danger, would be unworthy the name, recreant to her principles, and a traitor at once to man and God.

The Catholic Church teaches us that patriotism is a noble virtue—springing from the very elements of Religion, and so identified with them, that it cannot exist, properly understood, without them. There may, indeed, have been, Heroes and Statesmen, who stood by the fabric of independence, although they themselves were not religious men: but those same men would have been very unwilling to admit that that fabric could be sustained, unsupported by the powerful energy of virtue and the divine principles of religion. The Father of our Country—the immortal Washington—deeply felt this truth, and nobly proclaimed it whenever circumstances called it forth; and his own example speaks convincingly of the sublime respect which he entertained for religion, and the virtues which religion generates. In the language of Archbishop Carroll, in a discourse delivered in Saint Peters' Church, Baltimore: "Religion and observation had taught him, that God's provident wisdom *reacheth from end to end mightily, and disposeth all things sweetly.* He contemplated with christian piety, and the philosophy of a sage, the most remarkable revolutions and occurrences of the former as well as his own times, and learned therefrom to refer every human event to the moral government of a supreme Intelligent Being... This virtuous maxim of religious, moral, and political wisdom, so deeply imprest upon him, never, perhaps, was more clearly illustrated than by the course

of providence in preparing and adapting his body and mind, to suit the destinies of his life. He was to be a most luminous proof of that truth, which was so deeply rooted in his soul." Thus far the Archbishop—himself a Patriot, and Sage, and the immortal-proto-prelate of the Catholic Church of America.

The church teaches that a true lover of his country must preserve himself in tact, sound, robust—a worthy element of patriotism, which cannot spring from feebleness or infirmity. He should cultivate his moral and physical forces, to exercise them should his country require it. He should expand his talents to their widest capacity to assist her in any contingency. He should preserve his life with rigid care to consecrate it to his country's cause, who is his mother and protectress. A patriot, then, cannot be a suicide, for he cannot deprive his country of one of her own children. He cannot be intemperate—or avaricious, or dissolute—for he cannot burthen and disgrace his country with such deadly vices. Hatred and revenge should be unknown words to him—for he cannot but recognize in his fellow-men, his own brethren, the offspring of a common mother. Dignities and titles are empty in his estimation only as far as they are the rewards of merit and incentives to legitimate emulation. Riches are but as the dust of the field only in as much as they may contribute to his own becoming support, and the relief of the poor and needy. Behold, then, the idea which the Catholic Church presents us, of a Patriot: a man sober, disinterested, brave, and virtuous: and this under all circumstances—in eating and drinking—in riches, in pleasures—in action, in language, in affection: not vindictive, not passionate, not depressed with adversity, not puffed up by prosperity; not bigoted, not fanatical, not prejudiced and soured against others, on account of opinions and convictions, but charitable, sincere, ingenuous, attached to his principles, if they be honest, whether political or religious, and, at the same time, tolerant and forbearing in regard to those of his fellow-citizens.

The conduct of a christian patriot towards all his fellow-citizens of all classes and denominations, will be marked and characterized by strict justice: that is to say, he will give each one what his rank, circumstances, and claims may demand. Tribute to those to whom tribute is due—honour to whom honour—obedience to whom obedience. This golden maxim he makes the ground-work and basis of all his conduct—for he knows there can be no other support of social existence. Take justice from the world, and all right is disregarded; and consequently all order is jeopardized. For union will be destroyed, and anarchy will tear our country in pieces. For, all relations, dependencies, and bonds would be dissevered—property would become the prey of the most rapacious and daring, law would afford no protection to the weaker—the ægis of the constitution would be shattered by divisions and intrigues, and Liberty would expire on the very altar of her own temple. Religion consecrates all those necessary relations—she stamps her eternal seal on the laws of Justice—she gives strength and perpetuity to the columns which support the shrine of Freedom, and promises heaven as the reward of patriotism. O Country! oh! sacred and august name—a name so sweet and dear to Religion! we owe thee love as our common mother, obedience as our mistress, gratitude as our protectress—to thee our talents, fortunes and lives should be devoted! A chris-

tian patriot, moreover, will not only be faithful to the general laws, but in all his particular contracts and negotiations will be animated by the most unwavering integrity and honour. He will be subordinate to those in authority, liberal in his offices of charity to the poor, paternal in his sympathies for the orphan, and benevolent and generous towards all mankind. In a word, he will be a good citizen, a just magistrate, an impartial judge, a brave soldier, a tender Father, an affectionate Son, and an unchangeable friend. Whoever in his conduct exhibits an example not accordant with this description, he is no lover of his Country. The cruel monopolist who exhausts the public resources to aggrandize his own fortune—the prevaricating Judge who silences the voice of reason by the impetuosity of passion—the dastardly soldier who turns his back upon his altars and his firesides when they are in danger—the fanatical demagogue who raises the cry of intolerance and calumny against any portion of the christian communion—are the enemies of their Country, and of their fellowmen.

It is, then, upon these eternal principles of morality, that the Catholic Church bases her definition of patriotism. She disclaims the fallacious opinion of some mis-named statesmen, who maintain that patriotism may be supported by natural equity, without any divine or supernatural aid. These philosophers, living under the broad light of christianity, evinced less wisdom, than many of the ancient pagan legislators. Less than a Numa, a Lycurgus, or a Solon—who were all imprest with the indispensable necessity of religious conviction, and whose codes were all founded upon the highest possible theocratic principles. If they laid a stone, some divinity was invoked—if they built a town, a temple sprang up with the first edifices. If they dictated a law, some god was its author, and its guarantee. If therefore, the greatest patriots were the most religious in their way—if they regarded religion as indispensable for the enforcement and sacredness of their laws, it follows that, (even from the light of reason alone) Religion must be the foundation of all true patriotism. For, take away Religion, and you put aside the invisible head of all governments, GOD—under whose almighty auspices they are bound together and upheld, and there will be left but a dismembered trunk, withered and deformed. Take away Religion, and you deprive the laws of all their energy, which they derive only from the sanction of the Eternal, and they become the sport of the unconquerable passions. Take away religion, and you take from the afflicted the only refuge and asylum, where they may find consolation, not in the enjoyments of this world, but in the fullness of their hopes of future bliss. Take away religion, and you tread to the ground the barrier to vice raised up by the fear of God, and crime becomes triumphant over Virtue: you suppress all that external religious apparatus, which, both in a moral and physical point of view, is so necessary for a country. Take away Religion, and then your churches will be levelled to the earth, her altars will be thrown down, and her sacrifices will cease. No longer will be heard the harmonious psalmodies of the Church, no festal days will be set apart for pious celebrations—and the fraternal feelings which they elicit from the touched heart, would be smothered forever: all sentiments of piety, charity, and heavenly yearning would be extinguished below; and hard-

heartedness, egotism, and even barbarism, would be the horrible and fatal consequences.

The man who loves his Country, therefore, must love religion—for she is the parent of every patriotic Virtue, and consequently the basis of all social order. And to the patriot's heart, her name is holy, her spirit dear, and her duties inviolably sacred. Patriotism and Impiety are inconsistent—they are terms contradictory to one another—But patriotism and piety are synonymous—for the God of Religion is the God of our Country. The patriot, is, therefore, zealous in his religious observances—an humble adorer of the Omnipotent—he is faithful in observing the divine commandments, he is assiduous in attending on the services of the Church, he is fervent at prayer, and his whole conduct is marked with the virtues which endear him to his fellow-men, and render him acceptable in the eyes of Heaven.

In investigating the annals of sacred history, we are astonished at the glorious examples of patriotism which are there recorded. The country which gave them birth, and that which they chose by adoption, were infinitely dear to them. It was to rescue his country that Sampson was buried by the weight of the columns under which he fell. It was for his country, that David encountered Goliah, and stretched that terrible Giant upon the ground. It was for her Country that Judith braved the camp of the enemies of Israel, and slew the mighty Holliferne. For his Country Mathathias generously gave his life —and for her, the valiant sons of Machab fought and died.

What shall I say of the heroes of Christianity? We behold them ever ready to defend the liberties of their Country—Christian soldiers were the bravest in the ranks of the Roman legions, when Rome was still pagan. Christian warriors went out in the power and glory of the Cross to break the torrent of Mahommedanism and Saracenism which was rolling headlong into Europe, menacing the Church with desolation; and civilization with destruction.—And in our own native or adopted country, is there to be found a true Catholic—it matters not from what part of the earth he may have come—who would not be up, at a moment's warning, to stand by the liberties of America, should they be endangered by a foreign invading power? Should a Catholic sovereign be that invader, Catholic citizens of America would rise to arms. Nay, even though the Pope himself, in his capacity of a temporal Prince, were to attempt to reduce under subjection the free States of this Union, Catholics, while they recognize his spiritual character, and submit to his spiritual jurisdiction, would repel his invasion with as much vigor and determined valour, as Catholics repelled the aggressions of England, and aided, with their fortunes and their lives, in the achievement of our independence.

These are the feelings of every good catholic citizen: and while one spark of freedom's fire lingers in the world, he will be found ready, eager, to kindle it into a blaze. He will be the ardent friend of Liberty properly understood—Liberty, such as flourishes in our own happy Country:—Liberty, the best boon of heaven, when not abused.

Extract from "Time's Mission."

* * * * * * *

They who dwell not in cities rarely see
The beauties of the social world, nor find,
Nor, even finding, feel the mystery
By which the social compact is combin'd
With symmetry harmoniously defin'd.
The far-off range of their imprison'd thought
Has for its orbit one small spot assign'd:
Seldom have they to this world's treasury brought
One ingot bright from all which heav'n for earth has wrought.

Always reserving where the Sage, well stor'd
With pity for the errors of his race,
Follows the mercies of his saving Lord,
And tells to them their Saviour's promised place,
And speaks with hope of his atoning grace.
Such are the broad distinctions I would make:
The one a misanthrope who would not trace
Nature as God's first, greatest, work to wake
A knowledge of his work for man's eternal sake.

Thus can *we* see in mountains, lakes and fields—
In cities, or in oceans, or in seas—
In th' river which its finny treasure yields—
In health so redolent in the fresh'ning breeze—
In crops where commerce its abundance sees—
In the aged leaves which in the harvest fall—
In planetary motion of degrees,
Shining, the spirit homeward to recall
Omnipotence in each and harmony in all!

J. A. S.

St. Aloysius of Gonzaga.

A SONNET.

Prince of Gonzaga—in life's earliest morn,
His tender heart with holy love was fired:
The Cross, which once for him by CHRIST was borne,
He now resolved to bear for CHRIST, inspired
By high Perfection, taught and practised well
By those who with Loyola trampled down
All worldly vanities:—what tongue can tell
How pure his virgin heart? The lily-crown
Of angel-chastity upon his brows
Bloomed in perennial beauty—not a thought
Dwelt in his bosom, but of those blest vows
By which he bound himself to heaven—naught
Did he aspire to, but celestial love:—
Earth's glories he despised—for those in worlds above.

M. E. M.

HAPPINESS.

Oh! life, thou art as the broken dreams,
That float o'er fancy's eye;
Or as the bubbles on mountain streams,
That glitter and go by.
Take all the turns of all our years,
Our joys and sorrows, hopes and fears;
Their weight, their value try—
Try them—and lo! when all are cast,
The sum is little at the last.

Thomas Furlong.

———Alas! where shall we find
Some spot to real happiness confin'd?

Goldsmith.

This pensive inquiry has not been confined to the breast of the ingenious poet from whom my motto is taken. In the hours of disappointment and adversity, it has been the general language of mankind. Beings who possess faculties capable of enjoyment unattainable in the present state of existence, naturally extend their ideas to a better life. This longing after something unpossessed, is the wish of every mind conscious of its immortality.

But the complaint frequently springs from causes of an inferior nature. It has often arisen from real, and still oftener from imaginary, infelicity. This has been often increased, and sometimes wholly proceeds from making a false estimation of human happiness. Men are apt to place a higher value on every blessing not in their possession, than on those which they enjoy. The prospect of every distant good is embellished with charms which lose their lustre on a nearer approach, or pall with familiarity.

It is not unusual with us to imagine the condition of others eligible to our own: we change our situation, but find not the happiness we expected; and yet remain unconvinced of our folly. We pursue, vainly pursue, the phantom which the fervour of hope raises in the distempered imagination, although disappointment attend us at every step and mock every endeavour. We either find the object of our wishes recede in proportion to our advances towards them, or that, if gained, they prove inadequate to our expectations.

One of the most deceitful bubbles that ever danced before the eye of human vanity, is wealth. It glitters at a distance, and appears replete with all the requisites essential to earthly felicity. It attracts the attention of numbers from every other object, and kindles in the breast of its votaries an unextinguishable thirst to acquire it. By weak minds it is considered as the *summum bonum* of sublunary blessings, and therefore, in the attainment of it, such think to exclude every want, to enjoy every satisfaction.

But alas! wealth often flies before the pursuer; and, in the end, leaves him wearied, languid, and disappointed. To some indeed she grants her favours with peculiar liberality; but are these to real happiness confined? No, surely: they find by unprofitable experience, that the enjoyments derived from riches

fall far short of their expectations. Riches are not able to confer that happiness they promise; or to avert those evils which they are supposed to cure. They seldom fill the grasp of avarice, or limit the ardour of desire. They are insufficient to guard the avenues, through which afflictions enter. To

"The branch that blooms with vegetable gold,"

death pays no regard. The possession of wealth introduces wants no less numerous than those we complain of in a state of poverty. They are indeed different in kind, but not less destructive of that felicity we vainly seek for in this imperfect state of being. We are apt to conclude, that those are exempt from unhappiness on whom prosperity beams her radiance. In the erring estimation of superficial minds 'their lives are cast in pleasant places;' but a little reflection will convince us, that they are often 'encompassed with many sorrows.' View those who have free access to the temple of riches, and you will not find them happier than other men. They not only feel numerous wants increasing with their acquisition, but are often a prey to still more numerous fears, arising from those very possessions to which men in humbler stations are strangers. Some find their desires strengthened by the increase of their possessions: the more they inherit, the more unbounded is their grasp. Were it possible for such to accumulate all the treasures of the earth, they would still be unsatisfied, and, like Alexander, weep because there was no other world within their reach to plunder. Others who appear contented with their present possessions are not less unhappy. Men cannot essentially possess more than they enjoy. The rest, like a cipher on the left hand of a figure, is of no value, unprofitable to any useful purpose. It is only as barren splendour, which like the glare of a comet, may indeed shine at a distance, and create awe in vulgar minds, but affords no warmth to invigorate him who gazes upon it. The possessor may contemplate it with barren admiration, but cannot render it subservient to the useful purposes of life. Such, therefore, who possess more wealth than is sufficient to furnish their reasonable wants, are generally employed in a laborious search after pleasures yet untasted, in which they hope to find increase of happiness. In general they are disappointed.

There is, indeed, one source of refined pleasure, which the enjoyment of wealth affords to a rational mind. The extension of help to the helpless, of relief to misery, and of comfort to those who dwell in the vale of adversity, are employments in which we feel the purest satisfaction. To awaken joy in countenances strongly marked with the gloom of sorrow, is attended with the most refined sensations of delight, and attunes the soul to harmony. This is the noblest use to which wealth can be applied, the essential end for which heaven has disposed it. But amongst the great and opulent, how few are there who exercise themselves in such a course of benevolence and virtue! How few whose minds are sufficiently elevated to seek for the satisfaction arising from a conduct so truly estimable? The generality of the rich spend their time and substance in a course of falsely estimated pleasure, which, while it affords a momentous gratification to some desire, creates others more difficult

to satisfy. Every indulgence of the passions, beyond the limits of reason and temperance, either excites appetite for more criminal enjoyments, or clogs with a languid satiety. These are effects equally destructive of true happiness. In this dilemma the mind of the man of pleasure is perpetually tossed like a vessel without a rudder in the fury of a storm. Still hurried along by the gales of passion, he pursues something yet untried, which he supposes more capable of conferring happiness; but this, when attained, leaves him equally dissatisfied, and at a distance from true felicity. Thus, through the diversified paths of error, men pursue, with unremitting ardour, that happiness, which for want of better regulated judgment, they cannot attain; till, tired with reiterated disappointment, they quit the stage of life and their fruitless search together.

It would be a mark of wisdom in us to consider such examples as proper objects for our instruction. Viewed in this light, they may be useful warnings, and teach us to avoid the folly so strongly exhibited in their conduct. Let their errors and consequent disappointments excite others to pursue a different plan;—a plan more likely to be attended with success. Complete happiness is not the produce of a terrestrial soil. While we tread the paths of human life, and are encompassed with human frailties, the avenues through which happiness beams on the soul, will not in a sufficient degree satisfy or fill up our intellectual capacities. But still such a portion of it is within our reach as will render this state of existence easy and tranquil. The sovereign Lord, who ruleth all things, has wisely ordained, that amidst the highest gratifications, we can enjoy in this world, some alloy should be experienced. By these means the mind is led to aspire after the attainment of that more perfect bliss, which, in the wise determinations of his counsel, we were formed to enjoy, when time and its illusive scenes shall vanish for ever.

The terms, on which this superior happiness is declared by the voice of wisdom to be attainable, are such as, if complied with, will tend greatly to the increase of our present felicity. The more we withdraw our affections from perishing delights, and endeavour to fix them on celestial objects, the more acute, pure and refined, will our perceptions be of present pleasures. They will not be pursued to satiety, or abused with a wanton ingratitude.

These joys, which the visible creation affords, will not be relied upon as a substantial lasting good, but rather considered as the lower steps of that ladder, by which we may ascend from earth to heaven. By the good things that are seen, and which we are favoured to enjoy here, we shall be excited to seek after those that are invisible, in that state where the aspirations of hope, will end in certainty; and desire, in the complete fruition of eternal blessedness.

It is undoubtedly a mark of wisdom in us to seek, by every prudent means, for the attainment of that happiness which, in the wise order of Providence, we were formed to enjoy in the present life. Our passions are ever calling for fresh gratification; they are clamorous, and not silent. But we know that, if indulged without restraint, they would soon precipitate us into irretrievable ruin. It is, therefore, the province of reason, to regulate them, to curb the rovings of the will, and to point out those boundaries of action which we ought never to pass.

Whenever we thus submit to her wise restrictions, the commotions in our breast will cease: our desires will be circumscribed; and instead of repining at our lot, we shall be convinced the blessings we have received are infinitely beyond our deserts. This sense produces gratitude and humility, and thence spring true contentment and lasting peace. We are satisfied with those blessings which the munificent author of our being has showered down upon us, and are most solicitous to make suitable returns for his unmerited bounty.

In this disposition of mind the purest happiness of this life is found; and herein we are best capable of becoming successful candidates for that superior felicity which will be the portion of the wise and virtuous in the realms of immortality.

H. J. B.

Apostrophe to Rose-Hill.

The following lines were suggested by the beautiful steel-engraving of the new College at Rose-Hill, executed by J. Harris. It presents a very correct view of the establishment, even as it now is, while it faithfully fills up the deficiencies which it will require some time to supply. The situation is truly rural—embosomed in the very solitude of the country, and yet only twelve miles distant from the great City of New York—and connected with the City Hall by the rail-road, which extends to the gates of the College-grounds. The happy auspices under which this Institution has been opened, prognosticate the successful accomplishment of the most sanguine anticipations. It adds a new monument to the Catholic Church in America.

I.

Ye groves! whose dense and breezy boughs
The hallowed Hill-side overshade:
Where Piety may breathe her vows
Upon the shrine by Science made,
And young hearts, by the Virtues led,
May sketch the path-way they should tread:

II.

Sweet shades! your rural haunts we hail;
The new abode of Peace and Prayer:
Whither—as in *Ombrosio's* vale—
The sacred muses will repair:
And youths, whose brows by them are wreathed,
Will breathe the air the saints once breathed.—

III.

The air of holy solitude—
Where naught but strains of heaven are heard,
Sung by the Genius of the wood—
At morn and eve—the joyous bird:
Blest warbler! giving live-long praise
To God, who deigned this shrine to raise!

BIBLICAL RESEARCH.

Biblia Sacra Arabica, Sacræ Congregationis de propaganda Fide jussu edita. Ad usum Ecclesiarum Orientalium. Additis è regione Bibliis Latinis Vulgatis. Romæ, Anno MDCLXXII. Typis ejusdem Congregat. de Propaganda Fide.

From the preface to this work we learn, that the Maronite Archbishop of Damascus, desirous of furnishing the Syrian Church with a correct copy of the Arabic Scriptures, applied to Pope Urban VIII, who authorised the cardinals of the congregation for propagating the faith, to take measures for publishing a revised edition of the Scriptures, in the vernacular language of Syria. A board of revision, composed of Professors of theology and of other sciences, and skilled in various languages, especially Arabic, Syriac, Greek, and Hebrew, accordingly assembled for the purpose of correcting the Arabic texts, and restoring it to its integrity as far as practicable.

In the year 1625 the archbishop and his coadjutors commenced their labors, comparing the Arabic copies with each other, with the Hebrew and Greek, and with the Latin Vulgate. They made every exertion to restore to the Arabians and other nations speaking the same language, the sacred books complete and perfect as far as possible. But as no translation can be perfect, it was thought necessary to accompany it with the Latin text, without any resort to notes or comments; the reasons for which may be learned by the following extract from the Preface:—

"Verum, quia in re tanti momenti omnis humana cura et industria exigua existimanda est, Sacra Eminentissimorum Patrum congregatio jussit in hujus Arabicæ editionis impressione Latinum Vulgatæ translationis textum ubique è regione Arabici textus apponi, tanquam certam regulam ac normam, qua posset unusquisque et cognoscere, et corrigere quicquid vel scriptorum vel typographorum vitio, vel Interpretum et correctorum defectu in Arabico textu peccatum fuisset."

It appears by the above passage that the Latin Vulgate was placed in the margin as a standard by which the accuracy of the Arabic text might be duly weighed; and this seems to have been considered equivalent if not preferable to all other notes and explanations;* for the body of this work contains less of foreign matter than several of the English editions published by the American Bible Society. It has neither notes, comments, nor contents of chapters. A few parallel references are scattered along the Latin text, scarcely compensating for the room they occupy, and bearing no comparison in number with the references in the editions just referred to, which are published by a Society, professing to circulate the scriptures without note or comment.

The additional matter consists of the Index Testimoniorum, the Hebraico-

* This must be understood as to the correctness of the translation.

rum, Chaldacorum, Græcorumque nominum Interpretatio, and the Index Biblicus, all which are translated into the Arabic language. This latter circumstance I would recommend to the consideration of all those engaged in publishing Catholic versions of the Bible. The same index of Scripture quotations, the same Translation of Scripture names, and the same Biblical Index, are still appended to modern editions of the Vulgate; and as they contain nothing contrary to faith or morals, it is quite probable they would enlarge the value of the Doway Bible, if translated into English, and admitted as an appendix.

A doubt might here be suggested, whether the Latin text printed literally with the English version, would compensate for the omission of the annotations or controversial notes which appear in all editions of the Doway Bible. If dispensed with in Arabic, why not in English? If under the direct and positive sanction of the Holy See, the Latin version of the inspired writings was admitted as an ample safeguard against heresy or false doctrine, why should this *authorized and highly venerated test* be set aside to make room for the comments of men who advanced no claim to inspiration, and were not at any time authorised to say, "Visum est Spiritui Sancto et nobis?" The teaching of the Church is a *perpetual comment*, and the press teems with dissertations on controverted passages of Scripture. Even the notes of the Doway Bible might be published by themselves, and scattered among the people, "thick as autumnal leaves." Let the sacred fabric of Holy Writ be defended with courage, with ardor, and with zeal. Let its defenders assemble round, and repel the approach of all those who seek to pervert, to mutilate or to destroy. But let them not, under pretence of defending it from the enemy, presume to take shelter within its walls, thus leaving them exposed to the battering engines of ignorance and fanaticism, of heresy and false doctrine, of impiety and unbelief.*

Protestants are opposed to the Catholic version of the Scriptures: it is not the Bible to which they have been accustomed. It is not the authorised version. It is a popish Bible. It is not taken direct from the original tongues. It contains books which are not in the Protestant Canon. It is, as they believe, an incorrect version. If desired to point out some of its errors, they will probably find themselves considerably at fault. The most zealous opponents of Catholic versions do not commonly name but two or three; but if they could specify three times the number, it would be no proof the version is not a good

* Our learned friend, R. D., not being a Catholic, either is not aware or forgets that we do not allow every body to attach notes to the Bible, but these are *approved by the Church*, and taken from the fathers, or according to their doctrines. The Arabic Bible was intended for a people, and at a time when not so many errors had been introduced; and therefore the only care was to give a correct translation. The Latin text could only satisfy those who were acquainted with this language, that the translation was correct, but as to the people at large, it could be of no use, and this is the reason why at present we do not consider it sufficient to avoid error, merely to print the Latin text together with its translation. This interesting article from the pen of a learned Protestant proves that the Catholic Church, even after the pretended Reformation, far from taking away the Bible from the hands of the people, takes every care to give it to them in their own language.

one; for the bible is a large book, and no translation can be perfect. Some have probably never read, or even seen the version against which they so zealously declaim. It is indeed sometimes made responsible for the notes with which it is accompanied. An old edition of the Rheims Testament has been published in New York, for the express purpose of exposing the errors of popery. The notes have been assailed with much acrimony; but I am not informed that the text differs from the common Catholic version; or that any unusual number of errors have been referred to in proof of the position assumed by the adversaries of catholicity, that catholic versions of the scriptures are incorrect.

The great conformity of this Arabic version with the Latin Vulgate is observable throughout. In the Preface, however, it is represented as having been taken from ancient copies, revised and corrected from the Hebrew original of the Old Testament, and Greek of the New, and from the Latin Vulgate. These corrections, it would appear from the Preface, have been sparingly made, with due respect for the ancient version, the sense of the original, and the Arabic idiom. The following extract from the preface, may be useful to those who are engaged in translating the scriptures, or who would adopt or inculcate correct principles of translation:

Illud etiam scias, lector, nos in hac Arabicae editionis correctione, non semper Hebraicæ Græcæque origini verbo tenus inhæsisse; sed antiquorum interpretum morem imitatos, sæpe verborum rigore posthabito, sententiam tantum retinuisse. Ubi vero inter Arabici Latinique textus sententias diversitas aliqua, quæ veritati minime nocebat, appereret; nihil mutasse, sed antiquam interpretationem reliquisse; tum ut illius authoribus aliquid deferre videremur; tum ne orientalium populorum aures interpretationi illi jam assuetas, importuna novitate offenderemus; præsertim cum radix ipsa sive Hebraica sive Græca, vel ob significandi ambiguitatem, vel ob lectionis varietatem, utramque sententiam commode admitteret; et inter eas diversitas tantummodo, sine ulla contrarietate et sine veritatis detrimento reperiretur.

The preface does not set forth this Arabic version as a model of grammatical accuracy or classical elegance of style; and intimates that the simplicity of speech among Christians was such as almost to form a peculiar dialect of the Arabic language. The same remark might apply to modern translations, and the course of argument here pursued is by no means rare at the present day, but it should be received with caution. Ignorance, rusticity and barbarism are entitled to apology, but not to pre-eminence. To be illiterate is a misfortune over which the man of genius may exult, as over a conquered enemy. In the following extract the sentiments are just, and universally admitted; but at the same time liable to be carried to an undue extreme.

Atqui non solum in hac lingua, verum et in Latina et Græca, et Hebraica non raro exactiores loquendi regulas Prophetæ, Apostoli, ac veteres patres neglexerunt. Non enim divinorum verborum amplitudinem intra angustas grammaticalium præceptorum terminos voluit Spiritus Sanctus coarctari: quinimo sacra et celestia mysteria, absque inanibus humanæ eloquentiæ elegantiæque

ornamentis, planioribus ac facilioribus verbis nobis proposuit, ne humanæ virtuti aut industriæ, sed divinæ potentiæ ac sapientiæ, magnum et admirabile salutis nostræ opus, ac totius mundi ad Christi fidem conversio tribueretur: et ne hominum, sed Dei solius esset omnis honor et gloria.

The Hebrew prophets, doubtless, neglected those more exact rules of speaking which were adapted to the idiom of the Greek and Roman languages, but which might or might not have had any application to their own. Of the thirteen forms or conjugations of Hebrew and Arabic words, nearly half are of rare occurrence; and it is quite probable that it was only the educated class who were able to apply them with accuracy; but as most languages exhibit some irregularities, there is ground for supposing that these seeming inaccuracies were authorised modes of speech, peculiar to the language. It can hardly be denied that some of the Hebrew prophets were educated, but not in the learning of Greece and Rome. Nor can it be denied that the Romans made small account of the literature of the nations they conquered; that of Greece excepted. Some of these nations must have had a literature,—must have had books; but in what instance was one of these books ever translated and preserved in Latin by their conquerors? In like manner some of these nations must have cultivated poetry and oratory; but their conquerors were incapable of acquiring their language and appropriating the treasures of their learning. They knew better how to waste than to preserve; to destroy than to create.

With regard, however, to any peculiarities in the Arabic version of the scriptures, it may be recollected, that like our own and all other languages, it is liable to change. In the lapse of ages some of its words and phrases might have become obsolete, and some nearly unintelligible; as is the case with our common English translation, though it has not yet existed two hundred and fifty years.

The publishers of this work did not succeed in making it perfectly correct. Errors were sometimes discovered after the forms were in the hands of the pressman, after several sheets were printed off. Consequently all the copies, the total number of which was fifteen hundred, are not equally correct. It does not appear that there was ever a second edition published.

The whole bible, exclusive of the Index Biblicus and other additional matter, is contained in nearly thirteen hundred folio pages of seven inches in breadth and twelve in length; and it is divided into three unequally sized volumes. The pages are bordered by ruled lines, and another rule divides the Latin from the Arabic column, on each side of this rule are the figures which number the verses of the text. It is divided into chapters, but not into paragraphs, and the verses have between them an asterisk, and after each verse is a dot or full point, which seems to be a substitute for the Hebrew sillick. In the books of Job, Psalms and Proverbs, the verses are divided as in our common bibles, except that the numerals are outside of the text; the asterisk is retained but the point is omitted.

The prayer of Manasses, and the third and fourth books of Esdras, sometimes appended to Roman Catholic editions of the Vulgate, are omitted in this

edition, which being intended for the use of the Oriental churches, includes no books but such as belong to the Catholic canon.

This work was commenced in the year 1625, under the auspices of Urban VIII., and published in 1671, in the pontificate of Clement X.

R. D.

A Common Fate.

I.

I saw a fair and sinless child
At play upon a flowery lea,
And aye his shout rose clear and wild,
And aye his laugh rang merrily!

II.

I saw a free and fearless boy,
Within whose eye's deep azure shone
The sunlight of a spirit's joy,
That yet a cloud had never known.

III.

I saw a youth upon whose brow
Were written fair, as on a scroll,
Thoughts noble, and the power to bow
The hearts of all to their control.

IV.

And maidens' hearts were strangely stirred
If his dark eye but on them glanced;
And when he spake, on every word
Would greedy listeners hang entranced.

V.

I saw a man, ere Time had laid
A hand unkind upon his brow,
Bent to the earth, like one that's made
Beneath the weight of years to bow!

VI.

Wavering his step—squalid his mien—
And now spake in his sunken eye
A fallen spirit's anguish keen,
Or hopeless imbecility!

VII.

That sinless child—brave boy—the youth
Whose morn such glorious promise gave,
Was he—ah, sad and humbling truth!—
Now reeling to a Drunkard's Grave!

C. J. C.

THE HIGH PRIESTS OF THE ANCIENT TESTAMENT.

In the state of nature, which lasted from Adam down to Moses, the first-born of every family were Priests, and chosen in a peculiar manner for the divine service. But, in the law of Moses, which continued till the days of Christ, God, indeed, wished all the first-born to be *sanctified unto him*, (Exod. 13. 2.) but selected in their place from the twelve tribes of Israel, that of Levi, which he destined for the altar. (Num. iii. 12; viii. 6, 13,14, 15, 18, 19.) The reader will do well to consult the texts.

In the tribe of Levi three classes of men were to be distinguished. The Levites properly called. The Priests. The High Priest or Pontiff. Though all of that tribe were accustomed in a general way, to be styled Levites, or the children of Levi, nevertheless, the Levites properly called, were distinguished from the Priests and Pontiff. For the Priests were they who offered the sacrifices. The Levites assisted the Priests.

In the following article we will examine, 1. What was the succession of Pontiffs. 2. By what rites the Levites, Priests, and Pontiffs were consecrated.

I. In the tribe of Levi there were many families—all destined to the service of the temple. The Pontificate or High Priesthood, according to the ordinary law, belonged only to the family of Aaron. Aaron had four children, Nadab, Abiu, Eleazar, and Ithamar. (Num. 3. v. 2.) These were all consecrated at the same time by Moses. Aaron as chief Pontiff; his sons as simple Priests. (Exod. 29.) The two first were killed by God, for having offered fire which was not proper, (Levit. 10. 1.) and left no children. (Paral. 24. 2.) The other two remained in the priestly office; with this difference, that Eleazar succeeded to his father: and his first-born succeeded him, and thus was the succession kept up.

Aaron was the first Pontiff appointed by the Almighty, and consecrated by Moses with the right of succession. (Eccles. 45. 8.) The sons of Moses were not Pontiffs: nay, not even Priests, but merely Levites. (1 Paral. 23. 14.)

Phineas was the eldest son of Eleazar, and to him, on account of his zeal for the honour of God, was promised an everlasting High Priesthood. (Numb. 25. 13; and Mach. 2. 54.) But this, it must be understood, was a conditional promise—provided they should discharge the offices of their station legitimately and well: as is manifest from the fact of their having been deprived of it, when it was transferred to the posterity of Ithamar:—and, in the first place, to Heli, as we learn from Josephus lib. 5, antiq. in fine.

It may be asked, why was this transfer made? on account of the sinful neglect of the divine worship. And the High Priesthood continued in the family of Heli till the days of Solomon, who discarded Abiathar, and substituted Sadoc.

The two sons of Heli, Ophni and Phinees, died before him. (1 King 4. 11.) The former did not leave any children,—the latter left two, Achitob and Ichabod. (1 Kings 4. 21, 14. 3.) Achitob succeeded his grandfather Heli; and the others, in the following order:

I. Heli, Pontiff and Judge. (1 Kings, 1. 3 and 4. 18.)

II. Achitob, his grandson. (1 Kings, 14. 3.)

III. Achias, son of Achitob, under Saul. (Ibid.)

IV. Achimelech, the brother of Achias. (Ibid.)

V. Abiathar, the son of Achimelech, who escaped from Saul and fled to David, (1 Kings 22. 20.); and remained High Priest until the time of Solomon. (3 Kings 2. 27.)

After Abiathar the Pontificate returned to the family of Eleazar and Phinees. Solomon rejected Abiathar, on account of his conspiracy with Adonias, and placed in his stead Sadoc; from whom, down to the Babylonish captivity, the following order was continued:

I. Sadoc, anointed under Solomon (1 Paralip. 29. 22.)

II. Achimaas, } sons of Sadoc.
III. Azarias, }

IV. Amarias, under Josaphat. (2 Paral. 19. 11.)

V. Joidas, under Athalia and Joas. (4 Kings, 12. 7.)

VI. Zacharias, towards the end of the reign of Joas. (Paral. 24. 15.) Who by order of the King, was stoned by the people on the threshold of the temple of God. (Ibid. 5. 21.)

VII. Azarias, who reproved Ozias the king, for wishing to offer incense on the altar of Incense. (2 Paral. 26. 17.)

VIII. Urias, under King Achab. (4 Kings, 16. 10.)

IX. Azarias, under Erechias. (2 Paral. 31. 10.)

X. Sobna, under the same.

XI. Eliacim, the son of Helcia, under Manasses, who, Isaias foretold should be placed in the Pontificate in the room of Sobna.

XII. Helcias, under Josias. (4 Kings, 22. 2.)

XIII. Sararias, who, with King Sedecias, was led into captivity. (4 Kings, 25. 18.)

After the Babylonish captivity, the first Pontiff was Josue, the son of Josedec, of the family of Eleazar, with the following succession:

I. Josue, under Cyrus and Darius, (1 Esdr. 3. 2.) He began with Zorobabel to build the temple in Jerusalem. (1 Esdr. 5. 2.)

II. Joacim, the son of Josue.

III. Eliasib, the son of Joacim. (2 Esdr. 12. 10.)

IV. Jojada, the son of Eliasib. (Ibid.)

V. Joathan, the son of Jojada. (Ibid.)

VI. Jeddoa, the son of Joathan, (Ibid. 11.) who is sometimes styled Jaddus. He received the veneration of Alexander the Great, when that conquerer visited Jerusalem, as Josephus testifies, (book 11, c. 7.)

VII. Onias I, the son of Jaddus.

VIII. Simon, the son of Onias, surnamed the Just. (Joseph. book 12, 13.)

IX. Eleazarus, the son of Simon, who, at the request of Ptolomey Philadelphus, sent the seventy-two interpreters to Egypt, who translated the ancient testament from Hebrew into Greek. (Joseph. lib. 12, c. 13.)

X. Manasses, the son of Jaddus, and brother of Onias. (Joseph. lib. 12, c. 3.)

XI. Onias II. son of Simon the just, who, in his old age, refused the tribute to Ptolomy: from which cause many evils would have ensued, had not Joseph the son of Tobias, undertaken a legacy to that prince.

XII. Simon II, brother of Onias II, of whom Josephus, (lib. 12, c. 4.)

XIII. Onias III, the son of Simon, to whom king Darius sent an embassy with letters. (Macchab. 12. 20.)

XIV. Jason, the brother of Onias, who, whilst Onias was still living, obtained the Pontificate by improper artifices, from King Antiochus.

XV. Menelaus, who caused Jason to be deposed, and obtained the Pontifical dignity for himself. But not having paid the sum promised, the king substituted in his stead Lysymachus. (2 Mach. 4. 29.)

XVI. Lysymachus, brother of Menelaus, who was killed by the people. (2 Mach. 4. 42.)

XVII. Alcimus, of the family of Aaron, who justly forfeited the Pontifical dignity, by contaminating himself with the worship of the Gentiles. (2 Mach. 14. 3.)

XVIII. Mathathias, the father of the Macchabees, whom some affirm, and others deny, to have been a Pontiff.

XIX. Judas Macchabæus, the son of Mathathias. (Josephus lib. 12. c. 17.)

XX. Jonathas, the brother of Judas. (1 Mach. 12. 16.)

XXI. Simon, the brother of Judas and Jonathas. (1 Mach. 14. 20.)

XXII. John Hircanus, the son of Simon. (1 Mach. 16. 24.)

The other High Priests who followed down to the times of Christ and the Apostles must be sought for in profane history. For in the sacred scripture there is no mention made of them. It merely appears from the gospel that, Annas and Caiphas filled the pontifical office when Christ was put to death. It should be remarked that it was the general law or ordinance of God, that no one could be invested with the dignity of High Priest, except by the death of the former, this law, however, especially when secular kings or princes interfered in ecclesiastical affairs, was not always observed.

II. We will not enter into all the details of the rites with which the High Priests were consecrated—but will merely specify the heads; leaving the reader to consult at his leisure, the book of Exod. ch. 29, and Leviticus 8. These were, 1. Purification. 2. Consecration. 3. Application to the use of the ministry. After the ablution of the body, the Candidate was vested with the Sacerdotal robes, and anointed on the head. The ceremony of consecration continued during eight days, as is expressly stated in Exodus, ch. 29. v. 35.

If we are asked why so many ceremonies were observed in the consecration of the Pontiffs, it may be answered, on account of the following reasons: First, on the part of the High Priest: Secondly, on the part of the office itself: Thirdly, on the part of the people.

That the Priests might derive from them a two-fold utility—that they should remember that they ought to be holy and pure before God, to whose services they were so solemnly consecrated: and certainly greater sanctity was expected from them, than from the people. That in adversity and calamity, they might comfort and sustain themselves. In the Old Testament, Aaron, Azarias,

Zacharias, and others, were afflicted. In the New, all the Apostles, and particularly St. Paul, as he himself describes in 2 Cor. ch. 11.

By these ceremonies God wished to show the excellence and dignity and sanctity of the Priesthood; as no one could receive it who had not been specially called and publicly consecrated. Hence the grevious punishment inflicted on those who thrusted themselves, without consecration, into that office. Chore was buried alive—Jeroboam's hand withered on the spot—Osias was struck with leprosy. (Num. 16. 3 Kings 13. 4. 2 Paral, 26. 19.)

The people derived great benefit from such ceremonies. By the act of public and solemn consecration, they acknowledged their pastors; and they felt the veneration and honour which they owed them.

The analogy between the ancient and the New Testament appears very evident in this particular. For as in the Ancient, none could exercise the priestly functions except such as were "called of God," and solemnly consecrated, so, likewise, in the New, the Apostle asserts, (Heb. 5. 4.): *Let no one take upon himself this honour, unless he be called of God, like Aaron.* The rites of consecration in the New Testament are various: some prescribed in the scripture as the imposition of hands, (1 Tim. 4. 14. and 2 Tim. 1. 16.). Others by tradition, as the holy unction, as we find in the book of St. Dionysius the Areopagite *de Hierarchia Eccles. cap.* 4. Others by the use and practice of the Church, as may be seen in the *Pontificale.*

Protestants find fault with the customs in the Catholic Church, of using holy oil in the consecration of her Priests, as of Jewish origin, and no longer proper. But without grounds. For the imposition of hands was not less a ceremony of the Jewish Synagogue. If then the imposition of hands be not improper among Christians; if it was, on the contrary, tolerated and practised by the Apostles themselves, why may not the unction be likewise practised. It is one thing to make use of a ceremony of the Jews; and another to apply that ceremony *to the same end* with the Jews. The latter we could not do. The former is lawful. The Jews, for example, made use of ablutions to wash away all legal uncleanliness. We use ablution or baptism—but to wash away the stain of original sin. See Bellarmin, *on the Sacrament of order, ch.* 12.

Among the dissenting denominations of the present age, all ceremonies seem to have been strictly discarded, and the minister of the gospel appears, in no wise, to differ from any other member of society. Baptism alone is preserved by some—whilst others cannot discover sufficient warrant in the genius of this age to continue to practise even that sacramental rite, consequently it has either been done away with altogether, or is administered merely to satisfy the desires of those concerned. Such is the state of things, to which the spirit of protestantism has brought too many who, had they not been disturbed in the ancient belief which their forefathers once cleaved to, as the source of happiness and hope, would now be the ornaments of the true Church. If they, individually, will not have to answer for the lamentable evil, certainly those who were the originators of it, as well as those who wilfully propagate it, will have an awful account to render at the tribunal of Eternal Truth. Every soul, led astray by their influences and prejudices, will be required at their hands. And that in-

fluence and those prejudices are baneful indeed: excited and managed on all favourable occasions—to the detriment of our religion and the woful violation of christian charity. They are carried into the social circle of the hearth—they are wielded in public meetings—in the churches—forming as it were an essential part of their worship—and it would almost seem that the piety and virtue of their devotees can be measured only in proportion to the animosity and aversion they express towards their Catholic Brethren. Even on the late solemn national celebration, when all religious sects should have forgotten, for a day at least, their wranglings on earth, to remind their followers of the dread approach of eternity, the pulpit of a renowned Preacher was heard to ring with angry invectives against the Catholics—forgetting that the great continent which now is ours, was discovered by a Catholic and an Italian. But this comes with a convenient grace from a *christian* minister, who publicly averred, that, for his part, he would rather behold the spread of Infidelity, than of the Roman Catholic religion! He would rather be a disciple of Voltaire and Diderot than of Fenelon and Francis de Sales. This expression of itself, it seems to me, should suffice to awaken in any candid and pious Protestant the most serious apprehensions and fears—and if once the investigation of the subject is begun, we have no doubt that it will end in the conviction of the divine institution of the Catholic Church.

St. Francis of Borgia.

A SONNET.

A high and noble Dukedom was his right,
Among the chivalrous Princes of old Spain:
And oft he shone, midst pageantry most bright,
And the full bowl of pleasure did he drain.
But lo! the arm, which no power can withstand—
The arm of death—struck down the lovely Queen: (1)
No lovlier being smiled upon that land;
No fairer flower 'mongst Europe's flowers was seen.
Borgia had loved her in her beauteous day;
He now beheld her stretched upon the bier,
When every charm and grace had passed away,
And a cold fetid corpse was withering there.
"Vain is this life!" he cried—"power, beauty, vain—"
And the gay Courtier, once, became a saint, of Spain.

M. E. M.

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(1) Isabella the Consort of Ferdinand.

THE FIVE DIFFERENT BIBLES,

DISTRIBUTED AND SOLD BY THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.

COMPARED BY THE VERY REV. FELIX VARELA, D. D.

FROM THE OLD TESTAMENT.

Genesis, Cap. III, V. 15.

English Protestant Bible.

AND I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed: it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel.

TRANSLATIONS.

From the Spanish.

Enemistades pondré intre tí y la mujer, y entre tu linage y su linage: ELLA quebrantará tu cabeza, y tú pondrás asechanzas á su calcañar.

I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between her seed and thy seed, and SHE shall crush thy head, and thou shalt lie in wait for HER heel.

From the Portuguese.

Ella te juzará a cabeza, e tu procurarás MODELLA no calcanhar.

SHE shall crush thy head, and thou shalt try to bite *her* heel.

From the Italian by Martini.

ELLA schiaccera la tua testa, e tu tenderai insidie al calcagno di lei.

SHE shall crush thy head, and thou shalt lie in wait for her heel.

From the Italian Prot. Bible by Diodati.

Essa progenie tí triterá il capo, et tu le ferirai il calcagno.

Her seed shall crush thy head, and thou shalt wound her heel.

From the French.

Cette postérité t'ecrasera la téte, et tu la blesseras au talon.

This posterity shall crush thy head, and thou shalt wound her heel.

From the German.

. . . Derselbe soll dir den Kopf zertreten; und du wirst IHN die Ferse stechen.

The same (seed) shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt pierce his heel.

We find that in the Spanish, the Italian of Martini, and in the Portuguese Bible the pronoun *she* refers to the woman, while in the others which are Protestant, the whole is referred to her seed or posterity, that is to Christ.—It is true that some of the fathers of the Church have also translated this text with reference to Christ, because in either sense the victory over the devil is by Christ, but Protestants have preferred the translation in order to avoid confessing that the Blessed Virgin is made the instrument or medium of this great work. However, we must thank the Bible Society for leaving us our transla-

tion, wherein the feminine pronoun *she* leads us to believe that the Blessed Virgin, as mother of God, has crushed the serpent's head.

But we cannot pass unnoticed the great difference that there is between the expression *lie in wait for her heel* and *shall wound her heel*, a difference so evident that we need not prove it, for nobody will ever believe that *to intend to wound* and actually to *wound* is the same. In the English and in the German Protestant Bibles by the masculine pronoun *his* the text is evidently referred to Christ, so that the meaning is that the serpent or the devil *shall bruise Christ's heel!!!* What a beauty!! We Catholics are far from granting such power to the evil spirits, but it appears that Protestants would prefer to be blasphemers, rather than to give a translation, which in any way would support the Catholic doctrine. The fathers who referred the text to Christ never translated the last part but as in the Catholic Bible, that is, as a mere attempt to bite. At all events, we are all pleased and well supplied by the Bible Society. Protestants may have their serpents actually *biting Christ's heel*, and we may have it only trying to bite the woman's heel, and to induce all her descendants to offend the Lord.

Genesis, Cap. 14, *V.* 18.

English Protestant Bible.

And Melchisedek, king of Salem, brought forth bread and wine: AND he was the priest of the Most High.

TRANSLATIONS.

From the Spanish.

Mas Melchisedéch, Rey de Salem, presentando pan y vino PORQUE era sacerdote de Dios Altissimo.

And Melchisedec, King of Salem, bringing forth bread and wine, BECAUSE he was the priest of the Most High.

From the Portuguese.

Mas Melquisedech, Rei de Salem, OFFERECENDO pão e vinho, PORQUE era sacerdote do Deos Altissimo.

OFFERING bread and wine, BECAUSE he was the priest of the Most High.

From the Italian by Martini.

. . . PERCIOCHE egli era sacerdote di Dio Altissimo.

. . . . . BECAUSE, &c., &c.

From the Italian by Diodati.

ARRECO pane e vino, OR egli era sacerdote dell' Iddio Altissimo.

OFFERED bread and wine, BECAUSE, &c.

From the French.

Melchisédec aussi, Roi de Salem, *fit apporter* du pain et du vin, ET il etoit, Sacrificateur du Dieu Fort, Souverain.

. . . . . *ordered* bread and wine to be brought forth, AND he was, &c., &c.

From the German.

Aber Melchisedek, der König von Salem, trug Brot und Wein hervor. UND er war ein Priester Gottes des Höchsten.

. . . . . AND he was, &c., &c.

Here the French, the English, and the German Bibles agree, while the Span-

ish, Portuguese, and the Italian, both Catholic and Protestant differ from them. According to the latter, Melchisedec offered bread and wine, because he was the Priest of the Most High. So that this qualification is the source of his authority in offering; but according to the following, the priesthood was an accidental qualification, or rather a circumstance which happened but was not necessary. By this means both parties are satisfied by the generosity of the Bible Society. It is also remarkable that the French Bible simply says that Melchisedec *ordered* bread and wine to be brought forth. It is curious, indeed!!

Job, Cap. IX, V. 20.

English Protestant Bible.

If I justify myself mine own mouth shall condemn me: If I say I am perfect, IT shall also prove me perverse.

TRANSLATIONS.

From the Spanish.

Si quisiere yo justificarme, mi boca me condenará: si me mostráre innocente, me convencerá que soy malo.

Should I wish to justify myself, my mouth shall condemn me: if I would show myself innocent, IT will convince me that I am wicked.

From the Portuguese.

Se eu pretender justificar-me, a minha boca me condemnará: se mostrar-me innocente *elle* me convencerá de culpado.

Should I pretend to justify myself my mouth will condemn me; if I would show myself innocent, IT shall convince me that I am guilty.

From the Italian by Diodáti.

Benche io sia giusto, la mia bocca mi condannerá: quantunque io sia intiero, ella mi dichiarerá perverso.

Even if I were just, my mouth will condemn me; no matter how righteous I may be, IT will declare me perverse.

From the Italian by Martini.

Si io vorrái giustificarmi mi condenara la mia propria bocca, se io mi dimostrero innocente, egli mi convincera di reato.

If I would wish to justify myself, my own mouth will condemn me; if I show myself innocent, yet it will convince me of guilt.

From the French.

Si je me justifie, ma propre bouche me condamnera; si j'allégue que je suis plein d'intégrité, IL me convaincra d'être coupable.

If I justify myself my own mouth will condemn me; if I allege that I am full of integrity, HE will convince me that I am guilty.

From the German.

Sage ich dass ich gerecht bin, so verdammet ER (Gott) mich doch; bin ich fromm, so macht ER (Gott) mich doch zu Unrecht.

If I say that I am righteous, yet HE (God) condemns me; if I am pious, HE (God) yet yet makes me unto injustice, (that is, finds me unjust, or makes out injustice.)

In the English, the Spanish, the Portuguese, and the Italian by Diodati, a man who justifies himself is condemned by his own mouth, but in the French and German he is condemned by God, as it is evident from the pronoun IT and

HE. Even these two Bibles do not agree entirely, for in the French, a man is convinced by his own mouth in the first part of the text, and by God in the second; but in the German the word *mouth* is not found, and no allusion is made to it, but all is referred to God. We must also remark that the first part of the text of the Bible by Diodati, does not correspond exactly with the others, for it supposes that even if a man were really just, his own mouth will condemn him, while in the other Bibles it is said, that if a man would try to justify himself, he would be convinced of injustice by his own mouth. As to the Italian text by Martini, we have translated *egli* as *particula riempetiva* to give more power to the expression as *yet*, but it may be taken for a masculine pronoun, equivalent to HE, in which case the second part of the text will refer to God.

Job, Cap. XLII, V. 6.

English Protestant Bible.

Wherefore I abhor myself, and *repent* in dust and ashes.

TRANSLATIONS.

From the Spanish.

Por esto yo me reprehendo a mi mismo, y *hago penitencia* en pavesa ceniza.

Therefore I reprehend myself and I *do penance* in embers and ashes.

From the Portuguese.

Por isso me reprehendo á mim mesmo, e *fazo penitencia* no po e na cinza.

Therefore I reprehend myself and I *do penance* in dust and ashes.

From the Italian by Diodati.

Per ció io riprovo cio c'ho detto e *me ne pento* in su la polvere ed in su la cenere.

Therefore I reprove what I said, and I *repent* in dust and ashes.

From the Italian by Martini.

Per questo io accuso me stesso e *fo penitenza* nella polvere, e nella cenere.

Therefore I accuse myself and I *do penance* in dust and ashes.

From the French.

C'est pourquoi je me condamne, et je me repent sur la poudre et sur la cendre.

For this reason I condemn myself, and I *repent* in dust and ashes.

From the German.

Darum schuldige ich mich, und *thue Busse* in Staub und Asche.

Therefore I accuse myself and *do penance* in dust and ashes.

The German Bible, though Lutheran, agrees very well with the Catholics in translating *do penance*, while the others have *repent*, in order to do away with the words of mortification or penance, as we have already observed. Luther however was not so cunning, and he let the text go, as he received it from antiquity. But after all if any German is not pleased with the text as given by his father Luther, he may buy from the Society a Bible in another language, and get rid of the incumberance of those words *do penance*, and he will then simply repent. Although our object is merely to show the difference that there

is between the Bibles sold by the Society, we cannot but observe that to *repent in dust and ashes* is exactly to *do penance*, and Protestants cannot escape it, notwithstanding their care never to mention it, and even to consider it as a Romish superstition. It is true that *repentance* can be only in the mind, but it is also true that by some circumstances it comes to signify the same as penance, it being accompanied by words of mortification, and the Scriptures undoubtedly presents it in this sense. However, as long as Protestants would have that the Scriptures only speak of an operation of the mind, and that repentance is not to be qualified by exterior action so as to constitute a penance, we should say that the Bibles distributed by the Society do not agree, some having *repent* and some *do penance.*

Psalm, CXIX, V. 112, *which in the Catholic Bible, is CXVIII, V.* 112.

English Protestant Bible.

I have inclined my heart to perform thy statutes always, even unto the end.

TRANSLATIONS.

From the Spanish.

He inclinado mi corazon a ejecutar eternamente tus justificaciones *por la retribucion.*

I have inclined my heart to do thy justifications for ever FOR THE REWARD.

From the Portuguese.

Eu inclinei o men corazâo a cumprir eternamente as tuas justificazoes, *por causa da recompensa.*

I have inclined my heart to comply for ever with thy justifications *on account of the reward.*

From the Italian by Martini.

Inchinai il mio cuore ad eseguire eternamente le tue giustificazioni, *per amore della retribuzione.*

I have inclined my heart to follow thy justifications for ever *for the love of the reward.*

From the Italian by Diodati.

Io ho inchinato il mio cuore a mettere in opera i tuoi statuti, in perpetuo, infino al fine.

I have inclined my heart to practise thy statutes *for ever to the end.*

From the French.

J' ai incliné mon cœur a accomplir toujours tes statuts jusqu' a la fin.

I have inclined my heart to comply always with thy *stututes to the end.*

From the German.

Ich neige mein Herz zu thun nach deinen Rechten immer und ewiglich.

I incline my heart, to do according thy rights *for ever and ever.*

Can the above texts be the same? The merit of good works is expressly taught in some of the Bibles by the words *for the reward*, while these words are suppressed in the others, that they may not support the Catholic doctrine. After all we repeat our question, can these texts be the same?